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A
POETIC EPISTLE,
FROM
GABRIELLE D'ESTREES,
TO
HENRY THE FOURTH.

By ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

“ L'Amour baigne des plaifirs quil repand aupres d'elle,
“ Au jour quelle fuyoit tendrement la rapelle.

HENRIADE, CHAP. IX.

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EDUCATION
POLITICAL

George T. H. A. ERSKINE

EDUCATION IN THE COLONY OF NANTUCKET
The first school was opened in 1790 on the island.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Honorable THOMAS ERSKINE,

SIR,

WALKING in the gardens of MARLI, I took up a book, which had been left on one of the seats; on perusal, I found it to contain a beautiful little Poem on the Loves of HENRY THE FOURTH, of France, and his accomplished GABRIELLE: as I thought the subject interesting and tender, I have partially translated it, and beg leave to inscribe it to you, as a tributary offering of my respect. I should not have given you this trouble, if you had not dignified a liberal profession, by your immeasurable ability, and adorned human nature by your existence.

I am, SIR,

With great regard,

Your most obedient servant,

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

No. 35, Great Marlborough-street,
December 5, 1788.

DEDICATION

TO THE

THE LIVES OF MEN, THE FORTUNE AND CASUALTY
OF THE FORTUNE ARE TOO WELL KNOWN TO NEED ANY
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A

POETIC EPISTLE, &c.

ARGUMENT.

THE LOVES OF HENRY THE FOURTH AND GABRIELLE D'ESTREES ARE TOO WELL KNOWN, TO RENDER ANY PREFATORY ACCOUNT NECESSARY--THE KING DESERTED GABRIELLE, BY THE ADVICE AND INTREATIES OF MOR-NAY—GABRIELLE SOUGHT HIM IN VAIN, AT LENGTH, SHE GIVES WAY TO HER EXCESSIVE GRIEF, AND WRITES TO HER SEDUCER.

UNGRATEFUL man! ah me, what fiend unkind,
Has drawn that sentence from my wand'ring mind ;
Come my bright hero, dissipate my gloom,
Come and arrest me from an early tomb :
Behold thy * GABRIELLE's sublime despair,
Assuage her Grief, and subjugate her care.

* It may not appear unnecessary for me to mention here, that GABRIELLE D'ESTREES, was the grand-daughter of the Grand Master of Artillery ;—she was celebrated, in her time, under the title of the FAIR GABRIELLE—she was young, sensible, and alluring : she loved and protected the arts, which is a very agreeable circumstance to note, when we record the actions of a Lady who commanded the affections of a king.—Vide the HENRIADE ; MEMOIRS of SULLY ; Epistle of M. BLIN, &c.

B

Ah!

Ah! whither has that manly bosom fled,
 Where GABRIELLE once could couch her guilty head?
 Can souls so mighty bid our ills increase,
 And wound the object when they've stole her peace;
 Shorn of her honors of each good bereft,
 Can you disdain me who perform'd the theft?
 Can Love desert his fainting victim's cause,
 Who knew her error when she sign'd his laws!
 Why will he yield me to the sting of thought,
 Can HENRY cease to be the man he ought?
 Superior Greatness hails him as his own,
 And Glory plac'd him on her choicest throne.
 But yet I sigh, and he that sigh foregoes,
 I seek his presence, and he flies my woes:
 I breathe my sorrows, and he scoffs my fears,
 I claim protection, and he shuts his ears.
 The zenith of my madd'ning joy is past,
 Such raptures were too exquisite to last.
 Proscrib'd from happiness alone I live,
 Pant to bestow, yet want the means to give:

While

While Mis'ry cheats my sense in ev'ry view,
And sickens nature with a deadly hue.

Ah my poor heart, what black ideas rise,
To rive thy core, and inundate my eyes !
Some nymph more favor'd feels within his arms,
Her o'ercharg'd bosom heave with love's alarms ;
Some beauteous hireling smiling to betray,
Some Phryne rais'd, the mistress of a day !
Can Infamy have fetter'd in her den,
The first of lovers, and the best of men.
Can her base relatives have known the art,
To foil the chambers of so great a heart :
It must be thus, my spoiler's insincere,
Our faith remov'd, we fancy what we fear.
And can I bear so eminent an ill,
Should not my vengeance execute my will ?
Oh gracious heaven, sanctify my thought,
Subdue the impulse Desperation wrought ;
Impress thy canons on my troubled breast,
Compose my rage, and wed my soul to Rest.

The lawless libertine may rove, and find
 Some nymph more fair, but can he one so kind :
 By soft attractions, and ingenious mirth,
 I brought the transport ere his wish had birth :
 Explor'd with industry the paths to please,
 And fought his bliss by nice yet just degrees ;
 To meet his mind with ready zeal I ran,
 And lost the monarch, as I lov'd the man.

My daring will, in this perturbed state,
 Rebels and doubts the equity of fate ;
 'Tis hard to act obedient to those laws,
 Which makes th'event superior to the cause :
 Religion's children bid me be resign'd,
 But want the powers to enchain the mind.
 Pour forth the moral with a lib'ral hand,
 When all the passions war with their command ;
 Enforce my penitence, with holy zeal,
 And prove, by reasoning, they could never feel.
 Thus Sappho swept the melancholy lyre,
 Who saw the embers of her hope expire.

When

When cruel Phaon fled the love-sick fair,
And left his weeping mistress to Despair.

In those detested fields where * MORNAY led,
My royal hero from his GABRIELLE's bed ;
Where Death and Horror fought by † MAYENNE's side,
Where bigots trembled, and where rebels died ;
I'll seek my monarch, mid the din of war,
Upbraid his falshood, and assail his car.
Sing of my grief and shame to vulgar ears,
And wet his blooming laurels with my tears.

How

* DU PLESSIS DU MORNAY, was one of the first Philosophers of his age : he possessed the confidence of HENRY the FOURTH, in preference to AUBIGNY and the DUC DE ROSNY : it was he who carried a white sein to London, by virtue of which, he treated with QUEEN ELIZABETH, and succeeded as to the point of his embassy.—It is remarkable, that he never pardoned his master for having changed his religion after the reduction of Paris, but he confessed it to be the only weakness of which he ever knew him guilty—he was called the father of the Hugonots, and died in the same faith.

† MAYENNE was younger brother to the famous DUKE of GUISE, assassinated at Blois, and of CARDINAL LORRAINE, murdered likewise before the eyes of CATHERINE of MEDICIS, on account of his being cousin to the unfortunate MARY STUART, queen of France and Scotland, celebrated for her beauty, her endowments, her irregular passions and execution in the Castle of Fotheringhal : what a complication of misfortunes to happen in one family in less than half a century. MAYENNE was excusable, if it was possible to be so, when bearing arms against his lawful king ; for he had had two brothers murdered, and a cousin abandoned to the vengeance of a powerful rival, for what reason HENRY THE THIRD, who

How I bestrew the features of my theme,
 With words th' apparent issue of a dream :
 Untoward Mis'ry leads my sense along,
 Repels my wish, and amplifies my song :
 For you, ungen'rous man, for you I've trod
 On Honor's apothegms, and brav'd my God !
 But Honor ever will his warmth impart,
 Refresh my mind, and regulate my heart.
 Love was his rival, and tho' Honor fled
 Wounded and faint, his impulse is not dead.
 Say cruel spirit, why should I rejoice,
 Or boast the magic of thy potent voice :
 Thy hapless charms engender doubts and fears,
 And gave a being to these briny tears.
 Oft have I labour'd to defend thy seat,
 From the rude pressure of unhallow'd feet ;

who was at Blois, where he commanded the states to assemble, did not proceed in form to convict the two rebels of high treason is astonishing, but they were lost, and the nation remained unsatisfied : such an act of prudence would have stopt that vast effusion of blood which was the unhappy consequence of the league : but HENRY put no faith in his counsellors or ministers—his favorites alone were his guides, he thought of nothing beside the gratification of his desires—he forgot or despised the laws, and was, what he deserved to be, finally their victim.

E'en

E'en now I weep with agony, because
 My regal hero has transgress'd thy laws,
 And prov'd a traitor to that power I own,
 Which form'd his mind, and led him to Renown.

What has uprais'd a conduct so unkind,
 Is Fortune faithless, or is HENRY blind?
 Say can you hear your GABRIELLE implore,
 And scorn the nymph who breathes but to adore:
 Have I no advocate within your heart,
 No kindred sylph to take a lover's part:
 To touch with sympathy its tenderest chord,
 And wake the memory of Gallia's Lord;
 Who taught his slave variety of pain,
 Madden'd my intellects, and bruise'd my brain.

How oft has HENRY sigh'd when * BELLEGRADE came,
 And fear'd my heart indulg'd a double flame;

* The DUKE de BELLEGARDE, Marshal of France, and Master of the Horse; he was the favorite of HENRY, and in his exterior, the most amiable Lord of all his court: it was by his means that the King first knew GABRIELLE, with whom he suspected BELLEGARDE to have entertained the same sort of connexion in spite of his attachment—to understand this subject properly, you should read *Les Amours du Grande Alcande*, a sort of romance written by a Princess of Conti, and in which these circumstances are related with an air of truth.

His

His anxious dread of what could never be,
 Affail'd his rest, but solac'd Love and me ;
 When recreant man can break suspicion's chain,
 The tears of beauty gush and flow in vain ;
 Weak and half-fashion'd are the bosom's ties,
 When Cupid's minion Jealousy defies ;
 The green-ey'd demon haunts th' impetuous youth,
 To shake his quiet, but to prove his truth.

Tho' BELLEGARDE once could languish and admire,
 The force of duty dampt his raging fire ;
 MAYENNE's dread victor, who the traitor slew,
 Warr'd with his will, and e'en himself o'erthrew :
 Ere the warm summer of my life began,
 I knew, I reverenc'd the god-like man ;
 From him I learn'd at gen'rous deeds to glow,
 From him I gather'd all the good I know :
 My eager fancy fed on all he taught,
 Who prun'd th' exuberance of pregnant thought.
 The wild ideas of my youth refin'd,
 And blaz'd a heav'n-born sunshine on my mind.

Young,

Young, active, valiant, bound with Glory's meeds,
 He saw, and strove to imitate your deeds :
 Can you that favourite uncandid deem,
 Who copying HENRY, won my warm esteem !
 His pains, his pleasures, like a brother's came,
 And touch'd the trembling system of my frame ;
 When the deep tale had summon'd joy or woe,
 My bosom flutter'd, or the tear would flow :
 'Twas Gratitude, not Love, that sped the dart,
 Which smote the Guardians that defend my heart :
 If this was weakness, be its stings no more,
 The error's venial, and the cause is o'er :
 But Charity should temper human skill,
 Whene'er the Judgment scans the female will.

Thrice happy vassalage, exempt from pains,
 When Passion's minions smooth Affection's chains :
 When Reason's more intent to serve than sway,
 And all the birth of strife is who'll obey.

B

Oh

Oh ye*, whose pure and enviable state,
 Bears a broad shield against the ills of Fate ;
 Ye virgin sisterhood, whom Love unites,
 Whom heaven approves, and Innocence delights,
 Let Thought, for what I was, pervade each breast,
 Implore your God to give me back to Rest.
 Affail the throne of Mercy with your sighs,
 That Peace may dry the riv'lets of these eyes :
 That Faith may vindicate her hallow'd reign,
 And still the fever of each throbbing vein.
 While Commerce goads her babbling crouds along,
 While Pleasure carols her tumultuous song ;
 Untouch'd by all the flatteries of the Gay,
 Serenely sweet, your beings pass away ;
 By pallid Care's rebellion unopprest,
 As Time's calm movements leads you to the blest ;
 No evil taints the tablets of your mind,
 Tho' social anguish tortures human kind :

* GABRIELLE is here supposed to quit her pen, and address herself to the *Religieuses de L'Abbaye Royale*, where she had received the early part of her education.

Thus *Leman's glassy lake unfullied glides,
While the fierce Rhone commixes with its tides.

Ah me, my Henry—curse my truant sense,
That mocks my wish, and strengthens my offence ;
Thy full-blown merits swim before my eyes,
Thy vision blots the axioms of the wise ;
Imagination, with a keen delight,
Brings you incessantly to cheat my sight ;
Oh I remember, but that time is past,
The mighty Joy was too sublime to last,
When you denied all bliss but GABRIELLE's love,
And woo'd and won me like another Jove ;

* This is an allusion to the Lake of the City of Geneva, whose walls are washed by the furious Rhone: the Lake is more than forty leagues in circumference: they have named the progress of the Rhone here, *Le fleuve bleu*, being the colour of its waves, they are palpably separated from those of the Lake, which are of a clear brown, like the Mediterranean, in a calm—the Rhone precipitates itself with wonderful rapidity, but without mixing, in the smallest degree, with the water of the Lake, which is always tranquil—this curious spectacle is not confined to the Lake of Geneva! as the Rhone at Lyons, where it unites with the Saone, flows nearly half a league, before you are able to perceive the rivers in union—that river, which the Poets have rendered famous, under the name of the nymph Arethusa, empties itself thus into the bosom of the Sea at Sicily: to have a proper idea of this, you should read those fine verses in the *Henriade*, which begin thus ;

“ Belle Arethuse, ainsi ton onde fortunée,” &c.

When subtle Cupids, to their mission true,
 Remov'd the helmet from my hero's view ;
 Then on my panting breast would HENRY sigh,
 As mortal vanity in tears past by ;
 Then would you give a licence to your thought,
 And utter thus, what every Monarch ought.
 My fever'd soul abhors the tented plain,
 That's crimson'd o'er by Gallia's children slain :
 I smite the land, I'm eager to protect,
 With zeal implore them, and with pain correct :
 Led by* D'AUMALE, they seek the hostile deed,
 Oppose my standard, but opposing bleed :
 Unhappy men, to combat with their peace,
 And drown that voice, which bids their sorrows cease ;
 All bounteous heaven these direful conflicts end,
 Their mind enlighten, and their wrath suspend ;
 Give them to know in what the difference lies,
 'Tween loyal worth, and Treason in disguise :

* The CHEVALIER D'AUMALE, was brother to the Duke of the same name ; an impetuous young man, but possessed of many noble qualities : he was constantly seen at the head of all the parties which sallied from Paris, during the siege.

That general Hate may tear the veil away,
Which hides their senses from Reflection's ray.

What tribute would you wish to prove my mind,
To HENRY's happiness I'm all resign'd ;
Bellona proudly combats by your side,
And Victory leads you like a ductile guide :
To both coequal in success and arms,
You raise, you regulate the wars alarms ;
In that ensanguin'd, desolated field,
Where steel-clad myriads were taught to yield ;
Where redd'ning Arrogance with Horror fled,
And haughty LORRAINE, with his legions bled ;
Your firm battalions, with redoubted ire,
Prevail'd, by copying their master's fire :
Thy* brilliant plume appall'd the flying rear,
Thy manly voice exterminated fear.—

* This passage is explanatory of the remarkable words used by HENRY the FOURTH, at the Battle of Ivry, to renovate the courage of his soldiers—*Railliez vous à mon panache blanc, &c.*

Thy

Thy charger foam'd along th' embattled plain,
 And * EGMONT limblefs, found refiftance vain ;
 E'en bafe-born † BUSSI, insolent and loud,
 Rush'd mid the thickeft of a recreant croud ;
 The lances glitter'd, and the cannons roar'd,
 Dread fhook the mighty, and the mean implor'd ;
 While the bleak fifters o'er the conflict hung,
 And hell was jubilant, and Minos fung.

Oh ! could I paint the triumphs of that day,
 My lofty verfe fhould rife o'er Maro's lay :
 Alas ! I feel my faculties opprest,
 The theme's too dreadful for my tender breast ;
 But grateful France will all thy merits own,
 And raife, and celebrate her Saviour's throne :
 The willing Mufes fhall obedient fing,
 And pleas'd, immortalife her patriot king.

* The COUNT D'EGMONT, fon of the Admiral, he went to fuccour the league, at the head of eighteen hundred Spanifh lances.

† BUSSI LE CLERC, the head of forty desperate confederates—all traders of Paris—these feditious men chose BUSSI, as their chief : he had been master of arms—he was a man without knowledge, but refolute, and poffeffed a fort of eloquence extremely winning with the vulgar—This combination did the King confiderable mischief.

Unhappy

Unhappy Gauls, apostatis'd from Good,
 What ruthless Fury has debas'd your blood ;
 By Reason's beam may all their errors see,
 For HENRY proves a tyrant but to me :
 May pitying wisdom purify their zeal,
 And all the wounds of civil tumult heal ;
 Sedition's race enlighten or defeat,
 And bring each ingrate to my hero's feet.
 Thy spirit trembled as you dealt the blow,
 § Warm'd by Humanity, you fed the foe :
 Renown'd Achilles, whose ferocious rage,
 Resplendent lives in Homer's sacred page ;
 Or Persias chief, or Macedonia's son,
 Or the first Cæsar, by his pride undone,
 Fade in the page, now Fame assumes the pen,
 Tho' all were Monarchs, all were less than men.
 Trajan's beneficence uplifts your mind,
 You feel that kings are born for human kind :

§ During the siege of Paris, HENRY permitted large droves of cattle to enter the city, for the succour of the besieged : thus proving his regard for his people, even in the hour of anger.

Valiant

Valiant, yet wise, benevolent, yet brave,
 Your sword ne'er conquer'd to create a slave;
 Impell'd by Equity, your strife began,
 You rais'd your arm, to humanize the man.

* Can Glory's laurell'd chief forget that day,
 When first he left the battle's dread array,
 And came, new trimmed, by Cupids, in disguise,
 To combat GABRIELLE's honor with his sighs;
 To wound the influence of moral truth,
 To blot each prejudice of virtuous youth;
 Tho' clad by Terror, like the lowly hind,
 Tho' Mars had half usurp'd thy ample mind,
 Not half so beauteous was that Roman seen,
 Whom Nepthe led to woo th' Egyptian queen;
 Not beams more radiant grac'd that Angel's head,
 Whom heaven deputed to the Patriarch's shed.

* It was during the extreme fury of the civil wars, that HENRY by the indiscretion of BELLEGARDE visited GABRIELLE, he frequently disrobed himself of his armour, to visit his mistress, and the first time he went, disguised himself as a peasant, and crossed the enemies guard, at the risque of being known and taken.

If you forget, ah me, that cannot I,
 But man's great feature is inconstancy ;
 Weakly her plaints, your lowly victim pours,
 As the white foam that washes Mona's shores ;
 Oh ! had I Amphion's lute, I'd tune my moan,
 Amphion, they say, could agitate a stone.
 My memory whispers when my virgin heart,
 Imbib'd those pangs which never can depart ;
 When the poor flutterer trembled at your voice,
 Ere passion's regent taught it to rejoice ;
 Like streams dependent on the ocean's force,
 When the rude earthquake shakes their steady course ;
 Thus my still pulses quicken'd at your strains,
 Thus sense impell'd the burthen of my veins :
 But Love soon bade the fierce convulsion end,
 And Transport hail'd them like a jocund friend.

Ye spotless few, who croud in Virtue's train,
 Obey her mandates, and surround her fane,
 'Tis your's to follow the behests of Peace,
 'Tis your's to bid unhallowed wishes cease :

D

Measure

Measure the progress of my guilty fact,
 If any guilt exists in such an act ;
 Then aw'd by Candor, to the world relate,
 The folly mighty, but the motive great.

My recollection portrays all the past,
 The bliss was too excessive far to last :
 When HENRY'S supplication fill'd my days,
 And every echo warbled GABRIELLE'S praise ;
 Train'd from my reason's dawn in noble deeds,
 I sung of Virtue, and I fought her meeds :
 My pliant fancy yielded to embrace,
 Those laws of honor, which upheld my race :
 Oh hesitate, ye generous nymphs, I pray,
 Ere ye condemn the tenor of my lay ;
 Knew ye the forcery that freights his tale,
 Alas you'd marvel not that men prevail !
 A King, a hero, brilliant, wise and great,
 Who seems the favor'd delegate of fate ;
 When such assail the melting virgin's breast,
 Love is all-governing, and fear a jest.

With

With soft solicitude, and matchless charms,
 He came, he woo'd, he won me to his arms !
 So regal Jove his tender wishes told
 When the high ruler found Alcmena cold —
 He swore his love should with his being last,
 But scarce was sworn before that love was past :
 Such vows, like poppies, mid the golden grain,
 Tho' gay are worthless, tho' alluring vain :
 When Passion's tides thro' mans' strong arteries roar,
 His heart resists them like a flinty shore ;
 But our frail frames, like mould'ring banks give way,
 Our mind's unhelm'd, our attributes decay —
 His bright, his keen, his fascinating eyes,
 Like wond'rous basilisks seduce their prize.
 Go not ye nymphs, you'll perish if you gaze,
 For necromancy warms their weakest blaze ;
 If in the vortex of his arts you're found,
 Your agency will die, your sense run round.
 There Ruin's baneful circles never cease,
 Till central potency ingulphs your peace !

Oh woman, woman, alien to Controul,
 Whom infidels deny the gift of soul;
 But may not half their obloquy be right,
 As heaven has made our fence of worth too flight;
 That weak-wrought barrier, wily men survey,
 Pierce thro' the texture and consume their prey.

Imagination's flame, which fed desire,
 Rage has perverted to tartarean fire;
 Fancy draws forth a half created beam,
 Which flies Enjoyment, like a golden dream:
 Celestial visions rush upon my view,
 Tho' vast, aerial, and tho' bright, untrue:
 As Jugglers fleights, they vanish from the eye,
 We scarce can wonder ere the Joy's gone by:
 Thus, our frail yesterdays', like meteors gleam'd,
 Their evil's realis'd, their beauties seem'd.

Where can I wander from the eye of Hate,
 What shade of earth can hide a wretch from Fate?
 Oh bear me where the blue Soracte shrouds
 His daring Countenance, in humid clouds,

Which

Which dash their wombs against his rugged fides,
 And deluge Ceres, with resistless tides :
 As the rich vineyard to the fury yields,
 They bear a tempest thro' etruscan fields.

When sweet Aurora with her vivid ray,
 Unfolds the roseate gates of ample day,
 Tho' half our race, elate, the Goddess see,
 Her bursting splendour brings no joys for me :
 Tho' Onus smiles from his meridian height,
 The fervid noon, for me, has no delight ;
 Tho' jocund Nature's rev'llings speak his praise,
 I deprecate his force, and shun his blaze :
 Nor Eve, grave Eve, with all her glist'ning dews,
 Can waft a balm to solace, when I muse ;
 Save, when sad Philomel's oblivious strain,
 Gives the still world the progress of her pain ;
 But sombrous Night, more blissfully appears,
 Who wets the Globe's vast mantle with her tears :
 Then to fall'n Erebus I yield the moan,
 Who listens as he flows, and gives me groan for groan.

Why

Why was I born to feel o'erbearing ill,
 Why was my honor subject to my will?
 I know the man by whom I am undone,
 That man's more radiant than the rising sun!
 A nobler subject never grac'd a song,
 From Athens bards, or bright Arcadia's throng;
 Sweet as the cedar, lofty as the pine.
 His voice is music, and his mien divine:
 With him I'd climb the steep on Scylla's side,
 Or stem the foaming of the Stygian tide.
 Say what is difficult, when feeling sways,
 Who infelicitous that Love obeys?
 § Despairing Lovers can outstrip the wind,
 And leap the bounds prescrib'd for human kind;
 Not leaguings armies can repel their ire,
 Or intercept the act from the desire.

§ Such was at least the sentiment of RAMIR, this young conqueror, who first erected Arragon into a kingdom, always placed his mistress ELVIRA in that part of the field of battle which he believed to be the most vulnerable, "si la force me manque," said he, "on si le genie m'abandonne, L'amour me rendra l'un & l'autre." That idea, so perfectly characteristic of the enthusiasm of a Castilian, would prove but a bad rule for a General, though it certainly was an undeniable certificate of his sensibility and faith as a Lover.

Love

Love, like th' imperial eagle, proudly soars,
 Darts thro' each mist, and Phoebus' feat explores :
 Tho' meaner Passions may invade the breast,
 Love brings us nearer heaven than the rest.—

That hour will come, and hours unhackled glide,
 Stealing some valued point from human pride,
 When all thy errors shall thy sense pursue,
 And stand arrang'd in congregated view.
 When pallid Misery folds you in her arms,
 And Death waits hunger'd to receive thy charms,
 Then will you think of GABRIELLE, you've undone,
 Then wish existence had not yet been spun ;
 But as my HENRY dies, for die we must,
 Selected cherubs shall receive his dust,
 To no unworthy uses shall it turn,
 But fill and consecrate a nation's urn,
 To charm from pestilence this envied clime,
 And rest coeval with the scythe of Time ;
 Then shall the muse of France uplift his name,
 And summon all the relatives of Fame ;

Her

Her ablest ministry shall write his doom
And hang her greenest laurels o'er his tomb ;

As blythe * VALENTINOIS, with choicest flowers,
Bedeckt the chosen seat of Anet's bowers,
To cheer her faithful but unhappy king,
Of whom we ponder and the minstrels sing,
E'en thus will I my crested HARRY greet,
And strew the rose to hail his war-worn feet ;
Then seize my warrior to my aching breast,
Wipe off the dust, and teach him to be blest.
My eager lips shall gather dew from thine,
And all the rage of extacy be mine —
Oh wayward Fancy, why will you create
Such florid scenes to mock my wretched state ?
No sportive frail ideas should restore,
Those joys, those revels, which, alas, are o'er ;
That hope's deceas'd who gave my youth command,
The quivering pen forsakes my palsied hand ;

* DIANA de POTIERS, Duchess de VALENTINOIS, it was for her that the tender and unfortunate HENRY the SECOND of France fought the battle of Anet.

Thick vapours circumsolve the vision's ray,
 And Desperation vitiates my day :
 My bosom bleeds, th' associate of desire,
 My thought is madd'ning, and my brain's on fire ;
 Oh HENRY, pity GABRIELLE'S distress,
 Take heaven's example and be pleas'd to bless !
 Tho' thus your adamantine will I prove,
 Come, and receive the amnesty of Love,—
 The last sad tears that glisten in my eye,
 Expression's strugglings, and my final sigh,
 I give most cheerfully to Faith and You,
 But come, ah come, and own thy GABRIELLE'S true :
 Affuage the horrors of afflictive death,
 Cheer my last pang, and cheat of my breath :
 Then as I lay a lifeless heap of dust,
 Bereft of being, to my fame be just ;
 Place my cold head upon your steel-clad knee,
 And bathe with tears, that nymph who died for thee—
 Hark ! hark ! what means that tumult in the field,
 What mean those courfers, do the rebels yield :

See the meek dove, her milk-white wings expand,
 Bearing her olive, o'er a woe-rent land ;
 The babbling trumpet rends its brazen throat,
 And Echo hangs upon the martial note.
 Such rapturous accents brought the ear delight,
 When the Creator gave this planet light ;
 My fancy swims before the airy spell,
 My heart throbs high, as if 'twould burst its cell.
 Has HENRY conquer'd, sure it cannot be,
 Is he victorious, does he live—'tis he !
 By joyant Nature, let high Phœbus sing,
 I see, I know the super-human king !
 He comes, he comes, with more than mortal charms,
 I feel, I faint, my God, I'm in his arms !

F I N I S.